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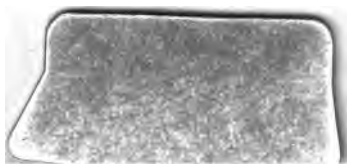
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H Y M N S

IN

P R O S E

FOR

CHILDREN.

**BY THE AUTHOR OF
LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.**

**THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION,
MUCH ENLARGED.**

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY; R. HUNTER;
T. HAMILTON; AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL.**

1824.



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PREFACE.

AMONG the number of books composed for the use of children, though there are many, and some on a very rational plan, which unfold the system, and give a summary of the doctrines of religion, it would be difficult to find one calculated to assist them in the devotional part of it, except indeed Dr. Watts's Hymns for children. These are in pretty general use; and the author is deservedly honoured for the condescension of his Muse, which was very able to take a loftier flight. But it may well be doubted *whether* poetry ought to be

lowered to the capacities of children, or whether they should rather be kept from reading verse till they are able to relish good verse; for the very essence of poetry is an elevation in thought and style above the common standard; and if it wants this character, it wants all that renders it valuable.

The Author of these Hymns has therefore chosen to give them in prose. They are intended to be committed to memory, and recited. And it will probably be found that the measured prose in which such pieces are generally written, is nearly as agreeable

PREFACE.

the ear as a more regular rhythmus. Many of these Hymns are composed in alternate parts, which will give them something of the spirit of social worship.

The peculiar design of this publication is to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind; fully convinced, as the author is, that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea—to impress them, by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with *all that he sees, all he hears, all*

that affects his young mind with wonder or delight ; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearances of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection—though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties, which his correcter reason will refine away—has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will *never warm the heart.*

A. L. B.

HYMNS

IN PROSE FOR

CHILDREN.

COME, let us praise
God, for he is exceeding
great ; let us bless God, for
he is very good.

He made all things ; the
sun to rule the day, the
moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale,
and the elephant ; and the
little worm , that crawleth
on the ground.

The little birds sing
praises to God, when they
warble sweetly in the green
shade.

The brooks and rivers
praise God, when they mur-
mur melodiously amongst
the smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with
my voice ; for I may praise
him, though I am but a
little child.

A few years ago, and I
was a little infant, and my
tongue was dumb within
my mouth :

And I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come unto me.

But now I can speak, and my tongue shall praise him : I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will come unto him : let

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him command, and I will obey him.

When I am older, I will praise him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

HYMN II.

COME, let us go forth
into the fields, let us see
how the flowers spring, let
us listen to the warbling of
the birds, and sport our-
selves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and
gone, the buds come out
upon the trees, the crimson
blossoms of the peach and

the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones

hiss with anger if any one comes near.

The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs just dropt are in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs can hardly *support their weight.*

If you fall, little lambs,
you will not be hurt ; there
is spread under you a carpet
of soft grass ; it is spread on
purpose to receive you.

The butterflies flutter
from bush to bush, and open
their wings to the warm
sun.

The young animals of
every kind are sporting

**about, they feel themselves
happy, they are glad to be
alive,—they thank him that
has made them alive.**

**They may thank him in
their hearts, but we can
thank him with our tongues;
we are better than they,
and can praise him better.**

**The birds can warble, and
the young lambs can bleat,**

but we can open our lips
in his praise, we can speak
of all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank
him for ourselves, and we
will thank him for those
that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom and
little lambs that skip about,
if you could, you would say
how good he is; but you

are dumb, we will say it for you.

We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise.

HYMN III.

BEHOLD the shepherd
of the flock, he taketh care
for his sheep, he leadeth
them among clear brooks,
he guideth them to fresh
pasture ; if the young lambs
are weary, he carrieth them
in his arms ; if they wander,
he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's
Shepherd ? who taketh care

for him? who guideth him
in the path he should go?
and if he wander, who
shall bring him back?

God is the shepherd's
Shepherd. He is the Shep-
herd over all; he taketh
care for all; the whole earth
is his fold; we are all his
flock; and every herb, and
every green field is the pas-
ture which he hath pre-
pared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she bringeth it up on her knees ; she nourisheth its body with food ; she feedeth its mind with knowledge ; if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love ; she watcheth over it when asleep ; she forgetteth it not for a moment ; she teacheth it how to be good ; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the parent of

the mother? who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm? and if she is sick, who shall heal her?

God is the parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All *the men*, and all the women

who are alive in the wide world, are his children ; he loveth all, he is good to all.

The king governeth his people ; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand ; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his demands ; his subjects fear before him ; if they do well, he protecteth them

from danger ; and if they do evil, he punisheth them.

But who is the Sovereign of the king ? who commandeth him what he must do ? whose hand is reached out to protect him from danger ? and if he doeth evil, who shall punish him ?

God is the sovereign of the king ; his crown is of rays of light, and his throne is amongst the stars. He is

King of kings, and Lord of lords : if he biddeth us live, we live ; and if he biddeth us die, we die : his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God is our Shepherd, therefore we will follow him ; God is our Father, therefore we will love him ; God is our King, therefore we will obey him.

HYMN IV.

COME, and I will show
you what is beautiful. It
is a rose fully blown. See
how she sits upon her mossy
stem, like the queen of all
the flowers ! her leaves
glow like fire ; the air is
filled with her sweet odour !
she is the delight of every
eye.

She is beautiful, but

there is a fairer than she.
He that made the rose is
more beautiful than the
rose ; he is all lovely ; he is
the delight of every heart.

I will show you what is
strong. The lion is strong ;
when he raiseth up himself
from his lair, when he
shaketh his mane, when
the voice of his roaring is
heard, the cattle of the
field fly, and the wild beasts

of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he : his anger is terrible ; he could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of his hand.

I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glo-

rious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dar-

zling than we could bear
He seeth in all dark places
by night as well as by day
and the light of his counte-
nance is over all his works

Who is this great name
and what is he called, that
my lips may praise him?

This great name is GOD
He made all things, but
he is himself more excel-
lent than all which he hath

made : they are beautiful,
but he is beauty ; they are
strong, but he is strength ;
they are perfect, but he is
perfection.

H Y M N V.

THE glorious sun is set
in the west; the night dews
fall; and the air, which
was sultry, becomes cool.

The flowers fold up
their coloured leaves; they
fold themselves up, and
hang their heads on the
slender stalk.

The chickens are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest also.

The little birds have ceased their warbling, they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or

among the honeyed wood-
bines ; they have done their
work, and lie close in their
waxen cells.

The sheep rest upon their
soft fleeces, and their loud
bleating is no more heard
amongst the hills.

There is no sound of a
number of voices, or of
children at play, or the

rampling of busy feet, and
of people hurrying to and
fro.

The smith's hammer is
not heard upon the anvil;
nor the harsh saw of the
carpenter.

All men are stretched
on their quiet beds; and
the child sleeps upon the
breast of its mother.

Darkness is spread over

the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye *that seeth* in dark night as

well as in the bright sunshine.

When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds; that eye seeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

The eye that sleepeth

not is God's ; his hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary : he made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed, as she draweth the curtains

around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes; so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

Labourers spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for he never sleeps: you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

Flowers, when you open

again, spread your leaves,
and smell sweet to his
praise.

Birds, when you awake,
warble your thanks among
the green boughs ; sing to
him before you sing to your
mates.

Let his praise be in our
hearts, when we lie down ;
let his praise be in our lips,
when we awake.

HYMN VI.

CHILD of reason, whence
comest thou? What ha
thine eye observed, an
whither has thy foot bee
wandering?

I have been wanderin
along the meadows, in th
thick grass; the cattle wer
feeding around me, or re

ing in the cool shade;
e corn sprung up in the
rows; the poppy and the
rebell grew among the
reat; the fields were
ight with summer, and
owing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing
ore? Didst thou observe
thing besides? Return
ain, child of reason, for
ere are greater things
an these.

God was among the fields: and didst thou not perceive him? his beauty was upon the meadows; his smiles enlivened the sunshine.

I have walked through the thick forest; the wind whispered among the trees; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleasant murmur; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough: and the

birds sung to each other
amongst the branches.

Didst thou hear nothing
but the murmur of the
brook? no whispers but
the whispers of the wind?
Return again, child of rea-
son, for there are greater
things than these.—God
was amongst the trees; his
voice sounded in the mur-
mur of the water; his mu-

sic warbled in the shade;
and didst thou not attend?

I saw the moon rising
behind trees; it was like
a lamp of gold. The stars
one after another appeared
in the clear firmament. Pre-
sently I saw black clouds
arise, and roll towards the
south; the lightning stream-
ed in thick flashes over the
sky; the thunder growled

at a distance ; it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunderbolt? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning? Return, O child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him? His terrors were abroad, and

did not thine heart acknowledge him ?

God is in every place ; he speaks in every sound we hear ; he is seen in all that our eyes behold : nothing, O child of reason, is without God ;—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.

HYMN VII.

COME, let us go into
the thick shade, for it is the
noon of day, and the sum-
mer sun beats hot upon
our heads.

The shade is pleasant and
cool; the branches meet
above our heads, and shut
out the sun as with a green

curtain ; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

The sloping bank is covered with flowers ; let us lie down upon it ; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass and sleep ; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

The cattle can lie down

to sleep in the cool shade,
but we can do what is better ; we can raise our voices
to heaven ; we can praise
the great God who made us.
He made the warm sun,
and the cool shade ; the
trees that grow upwards,
and the brooks that run
murmuring along. All the
things that we see are his
work.

Can we raise our voices

up to the high heaven? Can we make him hear who is above the stars? We need not raise our voices to the stars: for he heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

May we that are so young speak to him that always *was*? May we, that can

**hardly speak plain, speak
to God?**

**We that are so young are
but lately made alive; there-
fore we should not forget
his forming hand who hath
made us alive. We that can-
not speak plain, should lisp
out praises to him who
teacheth us how to speak,
and hath opened our dumb
lips.**

When we could not think of him, he thought of us; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.

He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow; he maketh us strong, and tall and nimble.

Every day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we

**ought to praise him better
than the former day.**

**The buds spread into
leaves, and the blossoms
swell to fruit; but they
know not how they grow,
nor who caused them to
spring up from the bosom
of the earth.**

**Ask them if they will
tell thee; bid them break
forth into singing, and fill**

the air with pleasant sounds.

They smell sweet ; they look beautiful ; but they are quite silent : no sound is in the still air ; no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

The plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man ; but man is made to praise God who made him.

We love to praise him,

because he loveth to bless us ; we thank him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

We love God who hath created all beings ; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

We cannot be good, as God is good to all persons every where ; but we can rejoice that every where there *is a God to do them good*

**We will think of God
when we play, and when
we work; when we walk
out, and when we come in;
when we sleep, and when
we wake; his praise shall
dwell continually upon our
lips.**

HYMN VIII.

SEE where stands the
cottage of the labourer covered
with warm thatch!
the mother is spinning at
the door; the young children
sport before her on
the grass; the elder ones
learn to labour, and are
obedient; the father worketh
to provide them food:

is happy they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together ; many families live near one another ; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice : and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God in company. If one is poor his neighbour helpeth him :

if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where it stands enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town; it is governed by a magistrate.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom; it is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas;

the inhabitants thereof are countrymen ; they speak the same language ; they make war and peace together ; a king is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hillock ; some are black

with the hot sun; some
 cover themselves with furs
 against the sharp cold;
 some drink of the fruit of
 the vine; some the plea-
 sant milk of the cocoa-nut;
 and others quench their
 thirst with the running
 stream.

All are God's family; he
 knoweth every one of them
 as a shepherd knoweth his
 flock; they pray to him in
 different languages, but he

understandeth them all; he heareth them all; he taketh care of all; none are so great that he cannot punish them; none are so mean, that he will not protect them.

Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child: though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee; raise thy voice, *forlorn* and abandon

one ; call upon him from
amidst thy bonds, for
assuredly he will hear thee.

Monarch, that rulest over
a hundred states ; whose
frown is terrible as death,
and whose armies cover the
land, boast not thyself as
though there were none
above thee :—God is above
thee ; his powerful arm is
always over thee ; and if
thou doest ill, assuredly he
will punish thee.

**Nations of the earth, fear
the Lord; families of men,
call upon the name of your
God.**

**Is there any one whom
God hath not made? let
him not worship him: is
there any one whom he
hath not blessed? let him
not praise him.**

H Y M N IX.

COME, let us walk
abroad ; let us talk of the
works of God.

**Take up a handful of the
sand : number the grains
of it ; tell them one by one
into your lap.**

Try if you can count the

blades of grass in the field,
or the leaves on the trees.

You cannot count them,
they are innumerable;
much more the things
which God has made.

The fir groweth on the
high mountain, and the
grey willow bends above
the stream.

The thistle is armed with

sharp prickles, the mallow
soft and woolly.

The hop layeth hold
with her tendrils, and
claspeth the tall pole; the
oak hath firm root in the
ground, and resisteth the
winter storm.

The daisy enamelleth the
meadows, and groweth be-
neath the foot of the pas-
senger: the tulip asketh a

rich soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh; the rich grass covereth the meadows; and the purple heath flower enliveneth the waste ground.

The water lilies grow beneath the stream: their broad leaves float on the surface of the water: the

wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form ; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that

are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them ; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb : in shaking bogs and deep forests, and desert islands ; they spring up every

here, and cover the bosom
of the whole earth.

Who causeth them to
row every where, and
loweth the seeds about in
winds, and mixeth them
with the mould, and water-
th them with soft rains,
and cherisheth them with
dews? Who fanneth them
with the pure breath of
heaven: and giveth them
colours, and smells, and

**spreadeth out their thin
transparent leaves?**

**How doth the rose draw
its crimson from the dark
brown earth, or the lily its
shining white? How can a
small seed contain a plant?
How doth every plant know
its season to put forth?
They are marshalled in
order: each one knoweth
his place, and standeth up
in his own rank.**

The snow-drop and the primrose, make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, Here we are. The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

Every plant produceth its like. An ear of corn will

not grow from an acorn;
nor will a grape-stone produce cherries; but every one springeth from its proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground; and the sharp frost bites on the plain? Who soweth a small seed, and a little warmth in

the bosom of the earth,
and causeth them to spring
up afresh, and sap to rise
through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered,
naked, and bare; they are
like dry bones. Who breath-
eth on them with the breath
of spring, and they are co-
vered with verdure, and
green leaves sprout from
the dead wood?

.

**Lo, these are a part of
his works ; and a little por-
tion of his wonders.**

**There is little need that
I should tell you of God,
for every thing speaks of
him.**

**Every field is like an
open book ; every painted
flower hath a lesson written
on its leaves.**

Every murmuring brook
hath a tongue ; a voice is
in every whispering wind.

They all speak of him
who made them ; they all
tell us, he is very good.

We cannot see God, for
he is invisible ; but we can
see his works, and worship
his footsteps in the green
sod.

They that know the most will praise God the best; but which of us can number half his works?

HYMN X.

LOOK at that spreading
 oak, the pride of the village
 green! its trunk is massy,
 its branches are strong. Its
 roots, like crooked fangs,
 strike deep into the soil,
 and support its huge bulk.
 The birds build among the
 boughs; the cattle repose
 beneath its shade: the

neighbours form groups
beneath the shelter of
green canopy. The old men
point it out to their children,
but they themselves
remember not its growth
generations of men come
after another have been
born and died, and this scene
of the forest has remained
the same, defying the
storms of two hundred
winters.

Yet this large tree was
once a little acorn ; small in
size, insignificant in appear-
ance ; such as you are now
looking up upon the grass
beneath it. Such an acorn,
whose cup can only contain
drop or two of dew, con-
tained the whole oak. All
its massy trunk, all its knot-
ted branches, all its multi-
tude of leaves were in that
corn ; it grew, it spread, it

unfolded itself by degrees, it received nourishment from the rain, and the dews, and the well adapted soil, but it was all there. Rain, and dews, and soil, could not raise an oak without the acorn ; nor could they make the acorn any thing but an oak.

The mind of a child is like the acorn ; its powers

are folded up, they do not yet appear, but they are all there. The memory, the judgment, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong, are all in the mind of a child; of a little infant just born; but they are not expanded, you cannot perceive them.

Think of the wisest man
you ever knew or heard of;

think of the greatest man;
think of the most learned
man, who speaks a number
of languages, and can find
out hidden things; think of
a man who stands like that
tree, sheltering and pro-
tecting a number of his
fellow men, and then say
to yourself, the mind of
that man was once like
mine, his thoughts were
childish like my thoughts,

ay, he was like the babe
 just born, which knows
 nothing, remembers no-
 thing, which cannot distin-
 guish good from evil, nor
 truth from falsehood.

If you had only seen an
 acorn, you could never
 guess at the form and size
 of an oak : if you had never
 conversed with a wise man,

you could form no idéa of him from the mute and helpless infant.

Instruction is the food of the mind; it is like the dew and the rain and the rich soil. As the soil and the rain and the dew cause the tree to swell and put forth its tender shoots, so do books and study and discourse feed the mind,

and make it unfold its hidden powers.

Reverence therefore your own mind ; receive the nurture of instruction, that the man within you may grow and flourish. You cannot guess how excellent he may become.

It was long before this oak showed its greatness ;

year after year passed away, and it had only shot a little way above the ground, a child might have plucked it up with his little hands; it was long before any one called it a tree; and it is long before the child becomes a man.

The acorn might have perished in the ground, the young tree might have been

torn of its graceful boughs,
 the twig might have bent,
 and the tree would have
 been crooked, but if it grew
 tall, it could have been
 nothing but an oak, it would
 not have been grass or
 flowers, which live their
 season, and then perish from
 the face of the earth.

The child may be a fool-
 ish man, he may be a wick-

ed man, but he must be a man; his nature is not that of any inferior creature, his soul is not akin to the beasts which perish.

O cherish then this precious mind, feed it with truth, nourish it with knowledge; it comes from God, it is made in his image; the oak will last for centuries of years, but the

mind of man is made for
immortality.

Respect in the infant the
future man. Destroy not
in the man the rudiments
of an angel.

HYMN XI.

THE golden orb of the
sun is sunk behind the hills,
the colours fade away from
the western sky, and the
shades of evening fall fast
around me.

Deeper and deeper they
stretch over the plain; I
look at the grass, it is no

onger green; the flowers
re no more tinted with
arious hues; the houses,
he trees, the cattle, are all
ost in the distance. The
ark curtain of night is let
own over the works of
od; they are blotted out
rom the view, as if they
were no longer there.

Child of little observa-
ion! canst thou see no-

thing because thou canst
not see grass and flowers,
trees and cattle? Lift up
thine eyes from the ground,
shaded, with darkness, to
the heavens that are
stretched over thy head;
see how the stars one by
one appear and light up
the vast concave.

There is the moon bend-
ing her bright horns, like a

silver bow, and shedding
her mild light, like liquid
silver, over the blue firma-
ment.

There is Venus, the
evening and the morning
star; and the Pleiades, and
the Bear that never sets,
and the Pole star that guides
the mariner over the deep.

Now the mantle of dark-

ness is over the earth ; the last little gleam of twilight is faded away ; the lights are extinguished in the cottage windows, but the firmament burns with innumerable fires ; every little star twinkles in its place. If you begin to count them they are more than you can number ; they are like the sands of the sea shore.



The telescope shows you
ar more, and there are
housands and ten thou-
ands of stars which no
elescope has ever reached.

Now Orion heaves his
right shoulder above the
horizon, and Sirius, the
dog star, follows him, the
brightest of the train.

Look at the milky way,

it is a field of brightness;
its pale light is composed
of myriads of burning suns.

All these are God's families; he gives the sun to shine with a ray of his own glory; he marks the path of the planets, he guides their wanderings through the sky, and traces out their orbit with the finger of his power.

If you were to travel as swift as an arrow from a bow, and to travel on further and further still, for millions of years, you would not be out of the creation of God.

New suns in the depth of space would still be burning round you, and other planets fulfilling their appointed course.

Lift up thine eyes, ch
of earth, for God has gi
thee a glimpse of heave

The light of one
is withdrawn, that th
mayest see ten thousa
Darkness is spread o
the earth, that thou may
behold, at a distance,
regions of eternal day.

This earth has a vari

of inhabitants : the sea, the air, the surface of the ground, swarm with creatures of different natures, sizes, and powers ; to know a very little of them is to be wise among the sons of men.

What, then, thinkest thou, are the various forms and natures and senses and

occupations of the people
universe?

Who can tell the birth
and generations of so many
worlds? who can relate
their histories? who can
describe their inhabitants?

Canst thou measure in-
finity with a line? canst
thou grasp the circle of
infinite space?

Yet these all depend upon God ; they hang upon him as a child upon the breast of its mother ; he tempereth the heat to the inhabitant of Mercury ; he provideth resources against the cold in the frozen orb of Saturn. Doubt not that he provideth for all beings that he has made.

Look at the moon when

it walketh in brightness
gaze at the stars when the
are marshalled in the firma-
ment, and adore the maker
of so many worlds.

HYMN XII.

IT is now Winter, dead
 Winter. Desolation and
 Silence reign in the fields,
 Singing of birds is heard,
 Humming of insects.
 The streams murmur no
 longer; they are locked up
 in frost.

The trees lift their naked

boughs like withered arms
into the bleak sky, the
green sap no longer rises
in their veins; the flowers
and the sweet smelling
shrubs are decayed to their
roots.

The sun himself looks
cold and cheerless; he gives
light only enough to show
the universal desolation.

Nature, child of God,

mourns for her children,
 a little while ago, and she
 rejoiced in her offspring;
 the rose shed its perfume
 upon the gale; the vine
 gave its fruit; her children
 were springing and bloom-
 ing around her, on every
 lawn and every green bank.

O Nature, beautiful Na-
 ture, beloved child of God,
 why dost thou sit mourn-

ing and desolate? Has thy
father forsaken thee, has^a
he left thee to perish? Art^a
thou no longer the object
of his care?

He has not forsaken
thee, O Nature; thou art
his beloved child, the eter-
nal image of his perfec-
tions; his own beauty is
spread over thee, the light
of his countenance is shed
upon thee.

Thy children shall live
gain, they shall spring up
and bloom around thee ;
the rose shall again breathe
its sweetness on the soft
air, and from the bosom of
the green ground verdure shall
spring forth.

And dost thou not
mourn, O Nature, for thy
human births ; for thy sons
and thy daughters that
lie deep under the sod ; and

shall they not also re-
Shall the rose and the
the bloom anew, and
man perish? Shall goo
sleep in the ground,
the light of wisdom
quenched in the dust
shall tears be shed
them in vain?


They also shall
their winter shall
away; they shall
again. The tears o

children shall be dried
up when the eternal year
proceeds. Oh come that
eternal year!

H Y M N XIII.

CHILD of mortality,
whence comest thou? why
is thy countenance sad, and
why are thine eyes red
with weeping?

I have seen the rose in
its beauty; it spread its
leaves to the morning sun
—I returned, it was dying



upon its stalk ; the grace of the form of it was gone ; its loveliness was vanished away ; the leaves thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow ;

the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs—I returned, the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground.

: : I have seen the insects

sporting in the sun-shine,
and darting along the
streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple;
their bodies shone like the
green emerald: they were
more numerous than I
could count; their motions
were quicker than my eye
could glance—I returned,
they were brushed into the
pool; they were perishing
with the evening

breeze: the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent

than those—I returned, he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move; nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils;—therefore do I weep because DEATH is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made,

must be destroyed ;
that is born, must die :
me alone, for I will we
yet longer.

HYMN XIV.

I HAVE seen the flower
withering on the stalk,
and its bright leaves spread
on the ground.—I looked
again and it sprung forth
afresh; the stem was
crowned with new buds,

and the sweetness thereof
filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in
the west, and the shades of
night shut in the wide hori-
zon ; there was no colour,
nor shape, nor beauty, nor
music ; gloom and darkness
brooded around—I looked,
the sun broke forth again
from the east, he gilded the

mountain tops; the lark
 rose to meet him from her
 low nest, and the shades of
 darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect,
 being come to its full size,
 languish and refuse to eat :
 it spun itself a tomb, and
 was shrouded in the silken
 cone ; it lay without feet,
 or shape, or power to move.

I looked again, it had burst its tomb : it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up

out of ashes ; and life out of the dust.

A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth : but thou shalt be raised again ; and if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that cometh

to burst open the prison doors of the tomb ; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ?

He descendeth on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand.

**It is Jesus, the Son of
God; the Saviour of men;
the friend of the good.**

**He cometh in the glory
of his Father; he hath re-
ceived power from on high.**

**Mourn not, therefore,
child of immortality;—for
the spoiler, the cruel spoiler,
that laid waste the**

works of God, is subd
Jesus hath conqu
death : child of im
tality ! mourn no long

HYMN XV.

THE rose is sweet, but
is surrounded with
orns; the lily of the valley
fragrant, but it springeth
amongst the brambles.

The spring is pleasant,

but it is soon past: the summer is bright, but the winter destroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon vanisheth away: life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land where the roses are without

thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land, there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasures are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads of happy spirits

are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels with their golden harps sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire.

This country is Heaven: it is the country of those that are good ; and nothing

that is wicked must inhabit
there.

The toad must not spit
its venom amongst turtle
doves: nor the poisonous
henbane grow amongst
sweet flowers.

Neither must any one
that doeth ill enter into
that good land.

This earth is pleasant,

for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better : there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more ; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heat of summer scorch us.

In that country there

re no wars nor quarrels,
ut all love one another
with dear love.

When our parents and
riends die, and are laid in
he cold ground, we see
hem here no more; but
here we shall embrace
hem again, and live with
hem, and be separated no
nore.

There we shall meet all

good men, whom we read
of in holy books.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God, the father of the faithful: and Moses after his long wanderings in the Arabian desert; and Elijah, the prophet of God; and Daniel, who escaped the lion's den; and there the son of Jesse, the shepherd king, the *sweet singer* of Israel.

They loved God on
earth ; they praised him on
earth : but in that country
they will praise him better,
and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus,
who is gone before us to
that happy place ; and there
we shall behold the glory
of the high God.

We cannot see him
here, but we will love him

here ; we must be now on earth, but we will ; often think on Heaven.

That happy land is our home ; we are to be here but for a little while, and there for ever, even for ages of eternal years.



THE END.

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